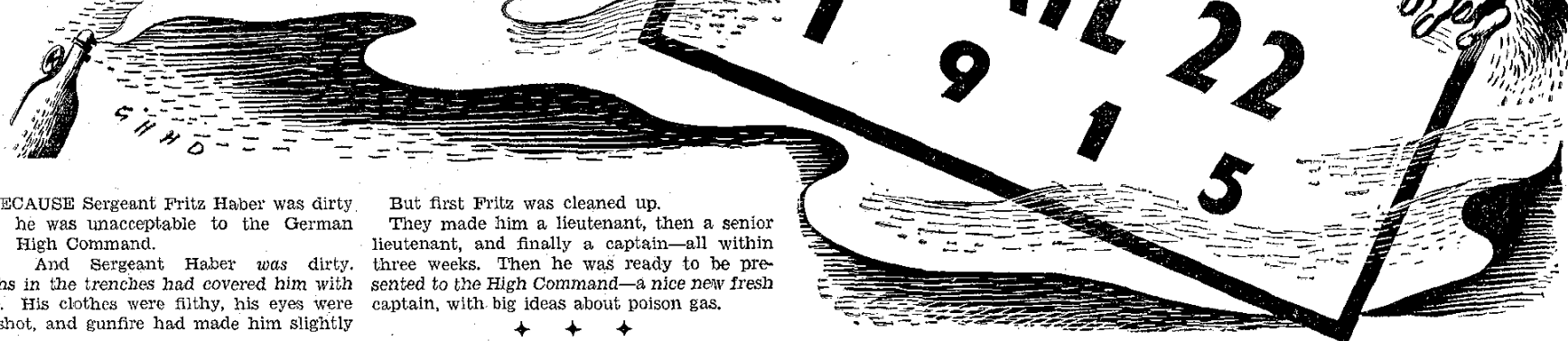


# CASSANDRA WRITES IN DETESTABLE MEMORY OF ...



**B**ECAUSE Sergeant Fritz Haber was dirty he was unacceptable to the German High Command.

And Sergeant Haber was dirty. Months in the trenches had covered him with grime. His clothes were filthy, his eyes were bloodshot, and gunfire had made him slightly deaf.

But Haber's brains were all right. Before the war he was a chemist, brilliant and resourceful. He made the mistake of being a Jew, and as such could not get a commission in the German Army. So he fought as a common soldier and eventually managed to become a sergeant.

In December of 1914 he wrote a long letter to the High Command. It was headed:—

"Memorial from Sergeant Haber concerning the protection of the German Front by impenetrable gas clouds."

It was read by the General Staff, who recommended that the tactical experts of the High Command should interview Sergeant Fritz Haber.

But first Fritz was cleaned up. They made him a lieutenant, then a senior lieutenant, and finally a captain—all within three weeks. Then he was ready to be presented to the High Command—a nice new fresh captain, with big ideas about poison gas.

April 22, 1915, was a dull day with a moderate easterly wind. In the morning at about 10.15 the Allied troops at Langemarck (most of them Frenchmen) were surprised and bewildered to see a greenish yellow cloud drifting down upon them.

It rolled and billowed as it crept over the hollows and shell holes of No Man's Land.

The last remnants of vegetation were burnt up.

The troops stood their ground and waited. . . . A few moments later they were dying, coughing, vomiting, gasping, sneezing, choking. Their faces turned dark red and they screamed in supreme agony.

Germany had brought poison gas to strug-

gling humanity—the most hellish gift in the long, grim history of war.

That was April 22, 1915.

Between 1919 and 1935 the British Government spent £2,018,689 on research for the improvement (an ironical word in this connection) of poison gas. The Universities of Oxford, Cambridge and London officially co-operated and assisted in the development and testing of new gases.

Well, now, what have we got for our money? We've got plenty.

We've got death in its most disgusting form. We've got Blue Cross.

Let me tell you something about Blue Cross. Blue Cross waitizes through an ordinary gas mask like a breeze through an open window. Ordinary filter chambers, such as fitted to the majority of masks, are useless.

The victim of Blue Cross, immediately he has inhaled it, has an overpowering sense of suffocation and an uncontrolled fit of spluttering and coughing. He is forced to tear his mask off. He cannot help himself. Once it is off—

FINIS.

That's if he's lucky.

But if he's unlucky and gets just a moderate dose, he develops a terrifying, raging delirium in which he imagines himself to be pursued; he tears at the ground and tries to burrow himself into concealment. And he tries to kill himself.

Just another little heirloom from April 22, 1915.

Upon Germany rests the original guilt for using these diabolical methods of slaughter. And they have not neglected to develop their chemical weapons. For twenty-two long years now, German research workers have been ceaselessly engaged in the production of deadlier and more horrible gases.

We in this country lag far behind in our knowledge, but we are doing our bit in the race to blot out humanity.

Some idea of the extent of German activity

can be gauged by her purchases of arsenic, which is the basic raw material required for the manufacture of the Blue Cross series of gases.

Germany's peace-time requirements of arsenic normally amounted to about 2,500 tons.

Now Nazi Germany is importing at the rate of 50,000 tons a year. These prodigious quantities cannot possibly be absorbed by legitimate industrial production.

The grisly fact is, that they are being used to get ready for chemical warfare on a staggering scale. Germany is too poor to keep the wealth of these valuable materials locked up. She must use her capital. She must go to war.

One hundred and eighty thousand British soldiers were gassed during the last war. Soldiers—not civilians. Not women and children.

Next time we'll all be in it.

You've heard all this before, haven't you?

And anyway, what are all these new gas masks for?

Poison gas (1937 pattern) creeps through ordinary gas masks. Familiarity is supposed to breed contempt, but you can't be contemptuous of a horror like phosgene.

Phosgene is a gas that drowns people. Yes, literally drowns them on dry land. The victim strives for breath. Slowly his lungs become filled with fluids that are the result of the irritant gas. He dies just as surely as if he were submerged in water. Only it takes anything from four to six hours.

You who are incredulous, you who are sceptical, should read Heinz Liepmann's new book.

He tells you the whole dreadful story far better than I can. He gives you the detailed, documented facts.

It is right that we should know and face up to our liabilities—even when they are the abominable unforgivable evils that began twenty-two years ago in April, 1915.

\* "Death from the Skies" (Martin Secker and Warburg).



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## SHE WOULD GO A-ROVING!

"X," NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, WRITES TO THE "DAILY MIRROR":—

"You hear a lot to-day about youth being lacking in adventure.

"My own case may explain why. I am young and have a fairly good job here. But for the last two years I have been trying to persuade my parents to let me go to London.

"They say I couldn't keep myself, but I feel I could. The excitement of living in a big city like London would improve my work—and after so many years of the same faces and friends I'm fed up."

AND THE "DAILY MIRROR" WRITES TO "X":—

Now don't be a silly little girl. A good job among people you know is better than a problematical job in a strange city.

And get it out of your head that it's bound to be terribly exciting in London. Because London for a girl with little money and no friends can be the coldest, dullest, most sombre place on earth.

Another name for the kind of "adventure" you're seeking is—trouble.

And you'll find plenty of it if you run away from home.